UNADULTERATED MARK TWAIN

The Adventures of the Long Man and the Short Pipe

(James Montague in New York Evening Journal.)

"Twain? Mark Twain? Never heard of him. Guess he don't live nowhere's round here."

The Riverdale butcher boy spoke as one having authority.

"Clemens, then," suggested Davenport. "Can you tell us where Samuel L. Clemens lives, boy?"

"Nop. Never heard of him, either. These fellows belong in Riverdale?"

"Well, one of them does. Has a house here some place."

"Oh, I guess not. I know everybody in the neighborhood. But hold up—" this as we started on our way—"mebbe they're new boarders up on the hill. No? Well, I can't help you any, gents."

And the butcher cart rattled away, carrying a nine days' wonder—a boy who had never heard of Mark Twain.

But we had come to Riverdale, and early in the morning at that, to see the humorist, and butcher boy or no butcher boy, we were going to do it. There was no public conveyance at the Riverdale station. There is one there sometimes, but as near as we could learn its sailing days are Mondays and Fridays.

On other days the populace of the sleepy suburb on the Hudson slide down the hill in smooth shod feet. We met some of them coming down as we toiled upward, but lacking brakes they could not stop to point out the way to the Twain residence.

Davenport was discouraged at the words of the butcher boy.

"Maybe there isn't any Mark Twain after all," he said, thoughtfully. Maybe he's just a syndicate or something. I don't believe just a man could have written those books of his, anyway."

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There seemed to be a gleam of reason in that, but I had seen pictures of the humorist, and once I knew a man who knew a friend of a cousin of an old Nevada acquaintance of his. Beside, Major Pond had given Davenport a letter to him. He surely wouldn't have done that, I pointed out, if there wasn't any Mark Twain.

While we were debating, a young woman came down the road, and Davenport appealed to her.

"Can you tell us, madam," he said, "if you know a man named Mark Twain or Clemens or Clements on—"

"Oh, yes," replied the young woman, without pausing in her flight. "He lives right in here." She mounted a stile as she spoke and sped away down a snow-covered path, sliding whenever she came to an incline in the manner of all the denizens of the place.

So here, right in front of us was the house of Twain, and Twain really lived in it, a benighted butcher boy who had never read of Tom Sawyer to the contrary notwithstanding.

We followed the young woman down the path, and the butler who answered her ring confronted us and demanded our business.

"Don't you think we'd better ask him if Twain is just a man," whispered Davenport. "I'd hate to have to make pictures of a whole syndicate."

I thought the lady's assurance that Twain lived in the house sufficient for our purpose, so Davenport told the butler that we had come to draw Mr. Twain and hear him talk.

"I'll see if you can," said the butler, looking us over suspiciously. He departed into another room, taking several silver candelabra from the mantel as he went.

We stood in the hall a minute and took note of some pictures on the wall, which Davenport said were either by Carot or Hogarth, he wasn't quite sure which.

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"There used to be an artist in Silverton," he began—but at that moment the hall was filled with the perfume of a pipe compared with which those of Pan would have been feeble, and it was Mark Twain himself, in slippers and very comfortable morning attire, who stood before us, looking better than the best pictures of him either of us had ever seen.

"We came to draw your picture, Mr. Twain," said Davenport; "that is, I did. He"—here the cartoonist indicated me—"came to hear you talk."

"Ah," said the humorist in a voice that took several minutes to pass a given point, "come in here."

He piloted us into a little room in one corner of the house, a room filled with books, magazines, papers, boxes of cigars, corncob pipes, cans of tobacco and matches in about equal proportions.

Through one of the windows we could see the Hudson, with a steamboat passing now and then, to tempt the master of the house to go down there and grasp the spokes of a wheel. The others look out on grass and trees, abundance of both, for the Twain place is a trifle smaller than Central park.

There is no describing Mark Twain. Davenport's pictures of him are better than descriptions, better than photographs. The shock of hair is not quite so heavy as it used to be, but the eyebrows are just as long, and the mustache just as drooping as of old. Time has written a great many wrinkles on his brow, but it has taken pains with the job, and the wrinkles are like the picture writing on a totem pole.

You can read in them the story of that time when Twain and Higbee struck a blind lead, and were millionaires for a week. You can decipher the tale of the little boy who wandered up and down the big Mississippi steamboat and filled himself with joy. You can see the mark of the mining camp, the imprint of the Hannibal newspaper, the lines worn by the intrusions of lightning rod agents, the stupidity of European guides, the heartlessness of city editors, the vandalism of French translators of "The Jumping Frog of Calaveras County."

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It is a kindly, gentle face; one would never suspect that grim irony and savage satire lie beneath it, ready to rouse at some fresh contact with the shams and affectations of a shamming and affected world.

We sat for awhile and said nothing. The humorist puffed steadily on his reeking pipe, now and then stroking the papers on the arm of his chair lovingly, as if he longed to begin work upon them again.

"This hour," he said finally, "between a quarter past 10 and 11—it isn't an hour; only three-quarters of an hour, you know—is the only time I have for visitors. Then people can come and see me. After—my breakfast is settled and I am ready to get to work."

There was more silence, which Davenport suddenly broke.

"Do you know, Mr. Twain," he said from behind his bristol board, "that you kept me from seeing Prince Henry?"

"Well, no; I can't say that that fact is in my collection."

"That's right. You were at the banquet they gave him at the Waldorf, and the minute you came into the room I followed you around and forgot that the prince was there."

"Ah, that was very thoughtful of you." The smoke rose in an opaque cloud, and the artist stayed his pencil until it should be dissipated. The silence again became heavy.

At length I found it oppressive, and by way of lightening it, asked him if he remembered that story about the Golden Arm, with which he used to terrorize people who came to hear him lecture.

"Now, I'm glad you mentioned that," he said, deliberately. "You know I delight to tell that story. I've retired from all public speaking entirely. I never go any place or appear in public unless I have to, but now and then I do love to tell that story."

And his eyes lighted reminiscently.

"Sometimes I go to the houses of friends of mine in New York to get a chance to tell a story or two—I can't help doing it just once in awhile. I go on condition that nothing shall be said about it before or afterward in the newspapers, for if mention was made of it people would say: 'That dad-blamed old liar said he was never going on the platform again, and here he is just the same as ever. But I do love to tell that story. I am going to talk to some friends before long—I have half an hour to fill—and that will fill up three of six minutes I was short. Now, if I can just get another story for the other three minutes, I'll be fixed."

Whoever will have the privilege of listening to that story may esteem themselves among the favored ones of the earth. I heard him tell it in a western town when he made his trip around the world to get money to pay off his debts.

When he came to the climax the audience jumped back as one person, starting loose every seat in the house, so the janitor had to come around the next morning and screw them down again.

"But I'm out of public life now," continued the author, lighting his pipe and puffing until his white head showed as in a fog, darkly. "I have a very happy time here, all to myself. I shall never go far away again.

"I should not have gone to Missouri last June if I had not gone to get a decoration. I think when an institution, especially in a man's native state, offers to confer a decoration on him, it is equivalent to a royal invitation; it's a command. He ought to go, if he has to go in a hearse.

"But when I see some of these old, these very old, fellows going from one side of the earth to the other to get degrees it does seem hard. Some allowance should be made for their years. The universities ought to mail them the decorations."

Davenport, who had up to this time been shifting from one chair to another, trying to get a firm grip on the elusive features of the speaker, here gave tongue.

"Mr. Twain," he said, "I'll bet you'd have given a good deal to be where I was a few years ago, down in Jackson's canyon, where you heard them tell that Jumping Frog story."

"Yes," said the humorist, extracting a match from a box on the table and lighting it and his pipe with the single motion known only to the longseasoned pipe smoker; "yes, I would. How did you happen to go down there?"

"I went down for the Examiner. They found a cave full of bones down there. Nothing but bones in it—Indian bones, skulls and ribs and legs and arms. They'd been there so long they'd go to pieces like a played-out horse on the home stretch if you touched one of them."

"And I suppose the scientists out in that country never paid any attention to them?"

"Not so much that they were ever caught at it. The ranchers take them away in sacksful and make fertilizers out of them."

"I suppose not. I wonder what these scientists are for? I know, near Mentone, where there are two caves filled with skeletons in a row, two rooms to the cave, and two rows of skeletons in each room. Not one of those skeletons is less than seven feet tall, and one of them is more than that. It would seem the easiest thing in the world for a few scientists to flit over there from France and take steps to protect them, but they don't. Tourists come along, ignorant, wooden-headed tourists, and carry them away bone by bone, and not a scientist to stop them.

"I don't know what these scientists can be thinking about, anyway. Here's John Fiske, who wrote delightfully about all sorts of things, anything prehistoric or antedeluvian seeming to interest him, but I cannot find that he wrote a word about the evidences of our ancestry reposing in caves around the country."

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The denouncer of scientists was still thinking of the neglected skeletons in the south of France.

"Those caves were right near that gambling place—I can't recall the name of it—"

"Monte Carlo?"

"Yes, Monte Carlo. There, that reminds me of something I can make use of. Monte Carlo, presided over by that Prince of Hell, otherwise known as the Prince of—of—of—"

"Monaco?"

"Yes, the Prince of Monaco, for 300 years able to marry into any royal family in Europe, simply because he rules a ten-acre lot of royal ground. I can use that, some time."

"Mr. Twain," asked Davenport, who had now finished his sketches, "here are two pictures and pipes and other ornaments by Phil May, mighty fine ones, too. Great, ain't he?"

"Yes, I am going to make use of those two as soon as I can think of some way to do it; in a book or story of mine, perhaps. He did them for me so quickly that I did not realize for a long time how really great they were. He's a wonderful man."

One of the sketches was a picture of a Chinaman, no art calendar Mongolian, but a real impassive self-satisfied native of the land of flowers. The other was a girl, a street girl, but so natural you could almost see her winking at you.

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"May is a great artist," continued the author. "But here," he had seen Davenport carefully rolling up his sheets of bristol board, "I must have a look at those."

Davenport continued to roll them up. "Oh, Mr. Twain, I guess you really don't want to see them, do you?"

"Yes, indeed I do." He jumped out of his chair with the agility of Jim Smiley's Dan'l Webster—Dan'l was the frog's name—and the cartoonist unrolled the sketches.

"Well," said their subject, slowly. "They're bully, but you've made me look 200 years old. I claim a good many years, but not 200."

We had started to go, observing that he was looking wistfully at the door, as if he yearned to know how one or both of us would look framed in it. A photograph of Mr. Twain tossed among some other pictures on the mantel caught Davenport's eye.

"I don't think that does you justice, Mr. Twain," he said.

"Well, possibly not. Here is one I drew of myself."

He fished from a drawer in the table a copper plate with an astounding sketch engraved upon it.

A line in his own chirography underneath explained what was the matter with it.

"I never could draw a mouth," it said. "So in making this picture I have left the mouth out.—Mark Twain."

We shook hands and journeyed forth in the direction indicated by the "yes" of our host.

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He had been pleasant, agreeable, hospitable, but he had taken the wheel from the moment we came into the room, and piloted the conversation in smooth but profitless channels, never foundering once on a pay ledge. He had made us feel that it would be useless to extract any "copy" from him. He is not giving away his humor or his views on men and things.

And neither would you, readers, if after long years spent in acquiring cheerfulness you had learned to communicate it to others so gracefully that every time you framed a word a silver quarter jingled into your treasury. If words paid everybody as well as that, general conversation would soon become a lost art, and only the scratching of millions of pens would break the silence that hung over the world.

As we slid down the hill to the Riverdale station, following the fashion of the place, the butcher boy came rattling past us in his wagon and leaning far out over space shouted:

"Find him?"

THE GOD OF HIS FATHERS

(Continued from Page 17.)

"Now baptize the child!"

"Neat and tidy," Bill commented.

"Gathering the proper outfit for a new trail," the father explained, taking the boy from the mother's arms. "If the woman and the kid cross the divide tonight they might as well be prepared for pot-luck. A long shot, Bill, between ourselves, but nothing lost if it misses."

A cup of water served the purpose, and the child was laid away in a secure corner of the barricade. The man built the fire, and the evening meal was cooked.

The sun hurried round to the north, sinking closer to the horizon. The hoycas in that quarter grew red and bloody. The shadows lengthened, the light dimmed, and in the sombre recesses of the forest life slowly died away. Even the wild fowl in the river softened their raucous chatter. Only the tribesmen increased their clamor, war drums booming and voices raised in savage folk songs. But as the sun dipped they ceased their tumult. The rounded hush of midnight was complete. Stockard rose to his knees and peered over the logs. Once the child wailed in pain and disconcerted him. The silence was interminable, profound. Then, of a sudden, the robins burst into full-throated song. The night had passed.

A flood of dark figures boiled across the open. Arrows whistled and bowthongs sang. The shrill-tongued rifles answered back. A spear, and a mighty cast, transfixed the Teslin woman as she hovered above the child. A spent arrow, diving between the logs, lodged in the missionary's arm.

There was no stopping the rush.

Sturges Owen fled to the tent, while the men were swept from their feet, buried beneath the human tide. Hay Stockard alone regained the surface, flinging the tribesmen aside like yelping curs. He had managed to seize an ax. A dark hand grasped the child by a naked foot and drew it from beneath its mother. At arm's length its puny body circled through the air, dashing to death against the logs. Stockard clove the man to the chin and fell to clearing space. The ring of savage faces closed in, raining upon him spear thrusts and bone-barbed arrows. The sun shot up, and they swayed back and forth in the crimson shadows. Twice, with his ax blocked by too deep a blow, they rushed in; but each time he flung them clear. They fell under foot, and he trampled dead and dying, the way slippery with blood. Then they drew back from him in awe and he leaned breathless upon his ax.

"Blood of my soul!" cried Baptiste the Red. "But thou art a man. Deny thy God and thou shalt live yet."

Stockard swore his refusal.

"Behold! A woman!" Sturges Owen had been brought before the half-breed. Beyond a scratch on the arm he was uninjured, but his eye roved about him in an ecstacy of fear. The heroic figure of the blasphemer, bristling with wounds and arrows, leaning defiantly upon his ax, indifferent, indomitable, superb, caught his wavering vision. And he felt a great envy of the man who could go down serenely to the dark gates of death. Surely Christ, and not he, Sturges Owen, had been molded in such manner. And why not he? He felt dimly the curse of ancestry, the feebleness of spirit which had come down to him out of the past. He had been raised up to serve the Lord only that he might be cast down. He had been given faith without the strength of faith. It was unjust.

"Where now is thy God?" the half-breed demanded.

"I do not know." He stood straight and rigid like a child repeating a catechism.

"Hast thou, then, a God at all?"

"I had."

"And now?"

"No."

Hay Stockard swept the blood from his eyes and laughed. The missionary looked at him curiously, as in a dream. In that which had transpired, and which was to transpire, he had no part. The words of Baptiste came to him faintly:

"Very good. See that this man go free and that no harm befall him. Let him depart in peace. Give him a canoe and food. Set his face toward the Russians, that he may tell their priests of Baptiste the Red, in whose country there is no God."

They led him to the edge of the steep, where they paused to witness the final tragedy. The half-breed turned to Hay Stockard.

"There is no God," he prompted.

The man laughed in reply. One of the young men poised a war spear for the cast.

"Hast thou a God?"

"Ay, the God of my fathers."

He shifted the ax for a better grip. Baptiste the Red gave the sign and the spear hurtled full against his breast. Sturges Owen saw the ivory head stand out beyond his back, saw the man sway, laughing, and snap the shaft short as he fell upon it. Then he went down to the river, that he might carry to the Russians the message of Baptiste the Red, in whose country there was no God.

AT THE THEATRES.

(Continued from Page 19.)

farce, "Whose Baby Are You?" It is the consensus of opinion that the theatre should furnish the necessary relaxation to the average man and woman of business, who seek to escape for a few hours each week from the grinding commercialism that characterizes the present age. It was a recognition of this social truth that impelled the production of that funniest of farces, "Whose Baby Are You?" The author of this merry mixture of pure farce wrote that successful comedy. "Brown's in Town," that has made thousands laugh, both in this country and across the water, for the last three years. His new piece is so dexterously constructed that it is a veritable tangle of ludicrous mistakes, where a group of eccentric characters are perpetually playing at cross purposes, with the result that at the end of the second act everything is topsy turvy and the most sidesplitting situations and amusing complication ensue. It requires the pen of a genius to unravel the tangled skein in this funny fabric of a farce—all caused by the presence of an innocent baby in the studio of a somewhat rapid young artist, where it is found by his mischievous college chums.

SMALL TALK.

Mrs. Fiske is turning to Shakespeare. She contemplates productions of "Macbeth" and "Much Ado About Nothing."

R. C. Hudson, representing Wallace Munro's production of "Richard Carvel," is in the city arranging for the appearance of the company at the Salt Lake theatre next Monday week.

The engagement of Andrew Robson in "Richard Carvel," at the Salt Lake theatre, is necessarily limited to one night—Monday, the 12th inst. The popularity achieved by the novel seems to have been accorded to the play.

Lovely and dainty Anna Held comes to the Salt Lake theatre shortly for three performances, in her latest and greatest success, "The Little Duchess," described as a comedy, with music by Reginald de Koven and Harry B. Smith. As the Little Duchess, Miss Held has better opportunities than ever before to show her capabilities as a comedienne.

"Lovers' Lane" celebrates its second anniversary in Columbus, O., Feb. 7, when the company will be given a banquet by Clyde Fitch. Those members of the original cast still playing—and there are several—have only lost five weeks during the past two years. No other play in America equals this record for almost unbroken continuity of performance.

Kirke La Shelle is now devoting most of his time to preparations for his forthcoming production of a dramatization of Henry Blossom's well known book, "Checkers." It is said that no less than 100 actors have written to him to say that they have read the publication and have been told by their friends that they are especially suited to the title role. Mr. La Shelle, however, has already reached his own conclusions.

"I never heard a stage manager say a word that was not respectful and courteous in the old days," said Louis James to an interviewer. "The stage manager's patience was just as much tried then as it is now, but I can tell you that if any of them had spoken to women on the stage as some of them do today they would have had a stage brace over the head so quick that explanations would have been impossible."

When John C. Fisher was in London last summer completing his arrangements for the production in this country he held several interviews with Leslie Stuart, the composer.

"Come down to the country with me and spend the night at your house," was one invitation Mr. Fisher received from the composer.

"My house!" exclaimed Mr. Fisher, in surprise.

"I call it that," said Stuart. "I paid for the place with the royalties you sent me from 'Florodora.'"

"An inscription I read in the old Baldwin theatre, San Francisco," says Albert Mahar of "The Princess Chic" company, "is very true in many cases in the theatrical profession. It reads: 'Ageing the rich keeps actors poor.'"

Mr. James T. Galloway, the well known character actor, is again playing Uncle Nat in James A. Herne's comedy-drama, "Shore Acres." Mr. Galloway has been identified with this part for so many season that people take it for granted that he can do nothing else but play just such parts, yet it is in light and eccentric comedy work that Mr. Galloway is at his best. Mr. Galloway was a protege of the late John T. Ford, and for a number of years a prominent player in Joseph Jefferson's company. Mr. Galloway is also directing the stage for "Shore Acres."

Frohman has of late years celebrated Christmas by sending to his friends various Maude Adams calendars. This year's production is a remarkably artistic effort. The cover is adorned with Miss Adams' latest photograph, and the other pages are filled with her portraits in costume and out, covering her stage career from "The Masked Ball" to "Quality Street" and Juliet.

Mrs. James A. Herne has won her case against the Liebler company and was awarded $1,000 damages by a jury in a New York court last Wednesday. The case arose over the presentation of "Shore Acres" in popular price houses, a step that was opposed by Mrs. Herne.